



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Watson's Art Journal,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF MUSIC, ART AND LITERATURE.

HENRY C. WATSON, EDITOR

NEW SERIES—No. 203.
VOL. VII.—No. 21.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

{ FOUR DOLLARS PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPIES, 10 CTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

SEASON 1867-'68.

THEATRE FRANCAIS, NEW YORK.
GRAN TEATRE DE TACON, HAVANA.
DIRECTOR..... J. GRAU.

Mr. GRAU has the honor to announce, that the Season of 1867-'68 of Madame RISTORI's Dramatic Representations will be inaugurated at the

THEATRE FRANCAIS,

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1867,

with "Medea," the same rôle in which she made her triumphant debut last season, and unavoidably must be restricted in New York to Fifteen and in Brooklyn to Four Performances, as arrangements have already been made for her appearance in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, previous to her departure for Havana.

In announcing Madame RISTORI's return and Second Season in America, it is scarcely necessary to say that this is the most flattering event in her artistic career (which has consisted of an uninterrupted series of ovations), considering that during the last season, within a period of less than eight months, she gave one hundred and seventy representations, with a success both artistic and pecuniary never before known in the annals of the drama, either here or in Europe. Madame RISTORI inaugurated a new epoch in the history of the American stage, having given other eminent artists the opportunity and advantage to adopt a repertoire never before performed in this country, while by carefully watching and studying the school of Madame RISTORI, they have been guided towards the highest achievements in their art. In this Second Season, doubtless, further scope and opportunities will be given to aid in establishing the era of high dramatic art created by the Italian tragedienne.

Mr. Grau has the satisfaction to announce, that from the impression left by Madame RISTORI in this country, and from the numerous applications received for representations in many cities, the present season promises unabated éclat and distinction. The original contract signed by Mr. Grau for this second season was only for 120 representations, but engagements have been concluded already for more than 150 performances; and from the continual applications from managers both from cities already visited and others, it is reasonable to believe that the second season will surpass in number and brilliancy of results the 170 representations of the first engagement.

Arrangements have been made for Madame RISTORI to appear at the Gran Teatre de Tacon, Havana, during the months of December and January; and from the interest continually manifested in Cuba respecting the arrangements, it is anticipated that the reception and success there of the Italian tragedienne will be of the most gratifying character.

The management has spared no expense to make the Theatre Français before the commencement of Madame RISTORI's season both elegant and comfortable. Improvements in the means of ingress and egress, the arrangement of the seats, in ventilation, the scenic department, and in all that can tend to promote the comfort and enjoyment of the audience have been designed, and will be entirely completed by the opening of the season.

Among the new names of the Dramatic Company is that of SIGNOR MICHELE BOZZO, the eminent Italian actor, who will make his debut in FRANCESCA DI RIMINI.

The Repertoire for Madame RISTORI's Second Season will consist, in addition to those standard plays which will ever be remarkable in the history of the American stage, such as HER "Elizabeth," "Mary Stuart," "Medea," &c., of MYRRHA.

SEUR TERESE (Sister Teresa), by Luigi Camolletti.

FRANCESCA DI RIMINI, by Silvio Pellico.
NORMA.
GIOVANNA D'ARCO (Joan of Arc), by Schiller,
translated by André Maffei.
BEATRICE, and others.

The great event of the Season, however, will be the production of

MARIE ANTOINETTE,

written expressly, and recently completed, by Signor GIACOMETTI for Madame RISTORI, under the stipulation with the author that this chef d'œuvre should be originally produced in America; and for the presentation of this play great preparations have been made in Europe and in this country, in order that the work so anxiously expected may be produced in all its splendor of scenery, costumes, and properties, the details of which will be announced hereafter.

The Costumes, which will be found historically accurate in every detail, the utmost care having been taken to follow the peremptory instructions of the author in this regard, are furnished by the most celebrated European costumers.

Mons. WORTZ, of Paris, (who supplied the brilliant costumes for the renowned ELIZABETH representation), has been solely occupied in preparing the magnificent dresses for Madame RISTORI, while the wardrobe for the other artists and the auxiliary forces has, through the courtesy of the different managements, been expressly furnished by the chief costumers at the Grand Theatres of Venice, Trieste and Florence.

FRENCH THEATRE.

Mr. H. L. Bateman takes pleasure in announcing that he will give a season of the world-famous Operas Bouffes, by the well-known composer Offenbach, to commence on TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, at the above-named Theatre.

He has secured the services of the most talented and accomplished musical comedians, chorus, and musicians, among whom he mentions the prima donna

Mlle. LUCILE TOSTEE,

a lady of recognized musical and dramatic genius, and leading artiste of the Bouffes Parisiens. This lady will make her entrée in the character of

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE DE GEROLDSTEIN,

in the great Comic Opera of that name, now performing in Paris and other Continental cities, with a success entirely unprecedented. Mr. Bateman has imported an entire wardrobe of the most costly and elegant description, made expressly by a Parisian costumer, while new and correct scenery, &c., for the season, is now being rapidly prepared.

Subscribers wishing boxes are respectfully informed that the books are now opened at the French Theatre on Fourteenth street, near Sixth Avenue, and at the usual places.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MAX MARETZKE.....DIRECTOR.

ITALIAN OPERA.

OPENING NIGHT FOR THE SEASON.

MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 23, 1867.

BOOKS FOR SUBSCRIPTION

For the First Series of

TWENTY NIGHTS,

ARE NOW OPEN AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

PRICES AS USUAL.

TERRACE GARDEN.

Third Avenue, between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth sts.

PHILIP BERNET.....Proprietor

THEODORE THOMAS'

POPULAR GARDEN CONCERTS

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SATURDAYS.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 15th, at 7½.

FOURTEENTH GRAND SUNDAY CONCERT.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Soloists, Messrs. SCHMITZ, LEITZSCH, DIETZ, and ELLER.

Together with the GRAND ORCHESTRA, in a varied and interesting programme.

MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 16,

EIGHTY-EIGHTH POPULAR GARDEN CONCERT.

[From Parisian Briefs in the *Nouv. fr. Presse.*]

A VISIT TO ROSSINI.

The friendly old gentleman, who was seated at the writing-table in his little study, rose with some difficulty, but with the most winning cordiality, and held out his hand to us. We soon forced him back again into his arm-chair. Suddenly he asked us if Mozart's Monument in Vienna was completed, and, also, Beethoven's. We three Austrians were rather embarrassed. "I remember Beethoven remarkably well," continued Rossini, after a pause, "though very nearly half a century has elapsed; when I was in Vienna, I lost no time in going to see him."—"But he did not admit you, as Schindler and other biographers inform us."—"On the contrary," said Rossini, correcting me, "I got the Italian poet, Carpani, with whom I had previously been at Salieri's, to introduce me to Beethoven, who received us immediately and in a very polite manner. The visit, it is true, did not last long, for all conversation with Beethoven was absolutely painful. On the day in question, he happened to hear worse than usual, and could not understand me, though I spoke in an exceedingly loud voice; perhaps, too, the little practice he had may have rendered the task of conversing in Italian still more difficult for him." I own that this statement of Rossini's, the truth of which was corroborated by many details, pleased me like an unexpected present. I had always been annoyed at this trait in Beethoven's biography, as well as at the party of musical Jacobins who glorify the brutal Germanic virtue of shutting one's door in the face of a

man like Rossini. But there is not a word of truth in the whole story. We accepted with pleasure Rossini's offer to take us downstairs to the ground-floor. We entered the light, spacious drawing-room, with its fresco-adorned ceiling, and its lofty windows, through which rose-bushes peep. In the middle of the room there stands one of Pleyel's Grands. As we all know, Rossini, for the last few years, has exhibited a great partiality for playing the piano, and this virtuosity deferred till so late affords him an opportunity for a continuous succession of jokes (several of which are stereotyped). He began at once to complain that Schulhoff would not give him a chance of getting on as a pianist. "It is true that I do not practice my scales every day like you young people, for when I play them the whole length of the piano, I fall off my chair either right or left." During the winter, Rossini gives six or eight Musical Soirées at his town residence, No. 2, Chaussée d'Antin. For an artist possessing so eminently the sense of the Beautiful in music, the style of decoration adopted for his apartment is strikingly devoid of taste, with a touch of the baroque.

Next to a copper-plate engraving of the Madonna della Sedia is hung some Parisian Ideal in a very low-necked dress, and, all along the wall, are bronze Saucers with histories of the Saints in relief. On the sideboard, a crucifix rises out of a confused medley of small Japanese figures, and Chinese pictures, for which Rossini appears to have a great partiality. In the way of portraits, the only ones I remarked were the small photographs of the King of Portugal and of Adelina Patti upon the mantelshelf. Of Adelina Patti the maestro speaks with admiring esteem, always excepting her, when he indulges in his lamentations to the effect that the race of great vocal artists has completely died out. "Look there!" he said, pointing to the new Operahouse, which rises, surrounded by scaffolding, before his windows. "We shall soon have a new theatre, but we have already no more singers. Shall you be better off, when your new Operahouse is finished in Vienna?"

To attend the Soirées of the celebrated maestro is the ambition of every one in Paris. The most distinguished persons frequently take more trouble to obtain an invitation to Rossini's than to the Tuilleries, and the papers never neglect giving, next day, an account of what took place. I was enabled to attend the last of these musical evenings, and own to having felt more honored than pleased. Rossini's residence is very, very far from being large enough to accommodate the number of persons invited. The heat was something indescribable, and the pressure so great, that the most desperate efforts were always necessary whenever a fair vocalist (especially one of the weight of Madame Sax) had to make her way from her seat to the piano. A host of ladies, sparkling with jewels, occupy the entire area of the music room; the gentlemen stand, jammed together so as to be unable to move, at the open doors. Now and then a servant with refreshments worms through the gasping crowd, but it is an odd fact that very few persons (and those mostly strangers) take anything worth mentioning. The lady of the house, it is said, does not like their doing so. About the present Madame Rossini I have nothing further to tell than that she is rich, and was once beautiful. A boldly sculptured Roman

nose rises, like a tower that has been spared, from out the remains of her former beauty; the rest was covered by brilliants. The programme of the concert (made up mostly, as was natural, of Rossini's music) included Italian and French vocal pieces, executed by the leading members of the Opera: Mdme. Sax, Mdles. Battu, Faure, and others. Two new Rossinian piano-forte pieces (played by a young virtuoso of the name of Diemer) were not so remarkable for originality as for the piling-up of difficulties in them. They bore the strange titles: "Deep Sleep and sudden Awakening," and "Tartarian Bolero." The vocal pieces are more serious and beautiful. They are not unfrequently original, and invariably models as regards the treatment of the voice. The master of the house himself accompanied two of the vocal pieces on the piano with entrancing delicacy. Otherwise, on such evenings, he generally sits, silent and tired, in the little entrance-room, with his old colleague Caraffa, or some other intimate friend, and is delighted if the pack of his adorers will leave him awhile in repose. I regret not having heard Rossini's new Mass. This work (like all the others, carefully guarded and kept unpublished by its composer) is said to contain some very striking beauties. "It is not the kind of sacred music fitted for you Germans," said Rossini, on declining to accede to my request, "my most sacred music is never aught more than semi-serious." He calls his "Napoleon Hymn" (for the distribution of prizes on the 1st of July) "Pot-house Music," and his operas "Antiquated stuff."

It is, indeed, impossible to talk seriously with the celebrated maestro; he feels at home only in quiet jokes and mild banter, and when he jokes about his own compositions, it is always a matter of doubt whether he is laughing more at himself or at those whom he is addressing. Though we may blame the exaggeration in this grotesque self-depreciation, it is based on a motive or feeling which we cannot fail to recognize on looking more nearly into the circumstances of the case. Rossini lives in the midst of a system of uninterrupted adoration and petting. There are but few men in the world to whom such homage is forever being paid. His room is never free from visitors; the highest notabilities of aristocracy, wealth, and art come and go. He is overwhelmed with costly presents, and tender marks of attention; out of a hundred persons, ninety-nine think themselves bound to say flattering things to him. Were Rossini to receive all such expressions of admiration with the self-satisfied, vainly modest smile peculiar to so many celebrities, who, so to speak, refuse with one hand while they pocket with the other, there would be no existing in his house a quarter of an hour. Every one in it would be suffocated with incense. Serious disapprobation or warmth of feeling is not to be found in Rossini's character; he prefers knocking, with good-natured self-ridicule, the cask of incense out of the hand of his worshiper, and enjoys the latter's embarrassment. "What shall I call you?" lisped a young and beautiful lady recently, when speaking to him: "Great Master? Prince of Composers? or Divine Genius?" "I had much rather," replied Rossini, with a confiding smirk, "that you would call me *mon petit lapin*!" Rossini never visits any one; never passes an evening from home; has been to the theatre only twice, probably, in twenty

years; and, as a matter of course, has not seen the Exhibition. Taking carriage exercise, receiving visits, and indulging in a little music, constitute his sole occupations. He willingly allowed himself to be named honorary president of the musical jury appointed to decide on the merits of the Prize Cantatas and Hymns of Peace, on the express condition that he would not be required to attend any of their meetings, or have the slightest thing to do. He said, jokingly, that he was willing to be elected a member of the other committees on similar terms. The joyous maestro takes, perhaps, nothing quite seriously except the care of his health. He cossets himself up most scrupulously, and entertains the greatest horror of death. Woe to the visitor who causes him to defer a siesta, or any other important source of bodily comfort. "*Allez-vous-en!*" he exclaimed lately to an unfortunate wight; "*ma célébrité m'embete!*"

(From the London Musical World.)

CARL REINECKE'S NEW OPERA.

From the Rhein, the 10th August.

SIR:—The production of a new opera by a well-known composer is a great musical event in our days. Therefore, having heard that "*Manfred*," by Carl Reinecke, was to be given for the first time at the Royal theatre of Wiesbaden, on the 26th of July last, I thought it my duty to have a trip to this lovely place.

Reinecke (a first-rate pianist, by the way), who since many years holds the place once occupied by Mendelssohn at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, is already very favorably known in the musical world as a gifted composer of vocal as well as instrumental music, and his oratorio *Belsazar*, one of his best works, enjoys a well-merited popularity in Germany. *Manfred* is his first attempt for the stage. The libretto illustrating the last period of the life of this King of Sicily (a bastard of the "Hohenstaufen family") is from the pen of Fr. Roeder. As a poem, it is decidedly well written; but as regards its fitness for the stage, it betrays the same prolixity and want of concentration of dramatical interest to be met with in all the modern librettos, Italian, French, English or German.

The music of Reinecke in this opera belongs to the new school as far as it does not only follow the general old rules, to illustrate the different dramatical episodes and situations by airs, duetts, choruses, etc. (which, separated from each other through regular ritornelli and ends, lack every dramatical and musical unity), but as a whole, avoiding every interruption, it goes on in constant harmony with the logic of the acting. Full of original melodies, capitably written for the voices, and masterly scored, *Manfred* is certainly one of the best new German musical productions to be met with. Some judicious cuts improving the effect of this fine opera, I do not doubt it will have a successful run through Germany in a very short time.

The crowded audience was extremely pleased with *Manfred* on the night of its first performance; and the composer, as well as the first singers, were enthusiastically applauded, being recalled after every piece and every act. At the end of the third and after the last act the happy composer, on coming out to acknowledge the general acclamations, was literally covered with flowers and wreaths among vociferous cheers. Fräulein Boschetti (soprano), Frau Lichtmay (contralto), Herr